

THE WHITE MORNING

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Begin to Read Here.

Countess Gisela Niebuhr is one of three daughters of a well-known Junker family of Prussia. From long observation of the automatic bearing of their father in his domestic affairs they have sworn never to marry. On the death of her father, Gisela, free, enters a German university, gets a degree in letters, and goes to America as companion to the children of a rich American. There she meets Franz von Nettelbeck, attaches at the German legation, with whom she forms a close friendship. Von Nettelbeck has been paying court to a wealthy American girl. Gisela does not reveal to von Nettelbeck that she is of his class, and he continues to regard her as of the great German middle class. Their attachment continues two years, after which von Nettelbeck is recalled to Germany to marry a titled woman, and Gisela accompanies her employer on a tour of the United States. She is vastly impressed with the extent and resources of the country.

Gisela returns to her native land and resumes her studies. She meets von Nettelbeck at a court function, but he does not betray that she had been working in America. She reveals a proposal of marriage from a fellow student, but is sprung when she finds her one of the devoted Junker class. She writes a successful play depicting the difference in the racial position of German and American women.

Now Go Right On With the Story.

Chapter I. (Continued)

Those who have not lived in Germany have not even an inkling of the deep slow secret revolt against the insolent and inconsiderate attitude of the German male that had been growing among its women for some fifteen years before the outbreak of the war.

They ventured no public meetings or militant acts of any sort, for men were far too strong for them yet, and the German woman is by nature retiring, however individualistic her ego. Their only outward manifestation was the hideous reformkleid, a typical manifestation in even the women of a nation whose art is as ugly as it often is interesting.

Hailed As A Leader.

But thousands of them were muttering to or "nother and reading with envy the literature of woman's revolt in other lands. When one of their own sex rose, a woman of the highest intelligence and an impeccable style, who, although she signed herself Gisela Doring, was said to be a rebellious member of the Prussian aristocracy, their own vague protests slowly crystallized and they grew to look upon her as a leader, who one day would show them the path out of bondage.

Her correspondence grew to enormous proportions, but she answered every letter, fully determined by this time to accomplish something more than a name in letters while incidentally arousing herself with stirring up the women and annoying the men.

But although clubs were formed to

discuss her work and letters, they were still unsuspected of the arrogant men who controlled the destinies of Germany. And as the German woman is the reverse of frank, as little indication of the slow revolution was found in the home.

The solution was as far off as ever, but German women are patient and they bided their time, exulting in their secret. It gave them a sense of revenge and power.

Then came the war. Gisela, like all the good women of Germany, flamed with patriotism and righteous indignation. Russia and France with no provocation, with no motive but insensate ambition on the one hand and a festering desire for revenge on the other, had crossed the sacred frontiers of the great Teutonic Empire.

Bombs Filled With Air.

A French aviator had dropped bombs on Neuremberg, one of the artistic treasures of Europe, although, mercifully, his bombs had inadvertently been filled with air.

Then followed the even more indefensible act of Great Britain, whose only motive in joining forces with paper allies was to aim a blow at the glorious commercial prestige of Germany, the object of her fear and hate these many years.

Gisela immediately entered the hospital opened by her mother in Berlin and took a rapid first-aid course, concentrating upon the work all the fine powers of her mind and strong young body.

Literature, fame, propaganda among women, all were dismissed. Although victory was certain in a few months there would be many thousands of wounded and she was filled with a passionate desire to serve those heroes and martyrs of foreign hatred.

She forgot her personal experience of the German male, forgot herself. Her beloved Fathland was attacked, and the German male in his heroic resistance, his triumphal progress, was become a god. Dienen! Dienen!

She had no time to ponder upon the violation of Belgium and knew nothing of the curious escape of medieval psychology from the formal harness of modern times. She was engaged in hard manual labor during those first weeks and it was sufficient to know that Germany had been violated.

It is true that the warrior parent had sometimes boasted of the day when Germany should rule the world,



"When the German women know the truth, there will be some circus," said Mimi.

and that he had referred to the Great European war as a foregone conclusion, as so many had been doing these past ten or fifteen years; but he had been careful to say nothing about throwing the torch into the powder.

Army Ever Alert.

Gisela, like the vast majority of civilians in the central empire, had grown too accustomed to the evidences of a great standing army to give them more than a passing thought. Were they not, then, situated in the very middle of Europe? Surrounded by envious and power-

ful enemies? What more natural than that they should be ever on the alert?

That Germany herself would strike at the peace of Europe, a peace which had brought her an unexampled prosperity and eminence, never had crossed Gisela's mind.

Nevertheless, knowing the German male as she did, she was quite sure that the officers reveled in the exchange of peace for war as much as the men in the ranks detested it. She could see Franz von Nettelbeck barking out orders for the irresistible advance, his keen blue eyes flashing with triumph, his Prussian upper

lip curling with impatient scorn, and George Zottmyer grinding his teeth in the trenches and suffering acutely from dyspepsia.

Until the summer of 1916 she was very busy, either in her mother's hospital or in one in Munich run by a group of Socialist friends under Marie von Erkel.

She glanced at the English papers sometimes, but assumed that their versions of the war's origin, and of Germanic methods, were for home effect, and smiled at their occasional claims of victory.

Poor things! By this time she had seen so much mortal suffering,

soothed so many dying men who raved of unimaginable horrors, written so many pathetic last letters to mothers and wives and sweethearts, that the first mood of fury and hatred had long since passed.

Benefit to Her Sex.

Her mind, normally clear, acute, just, regained its poise. Moreover, those five years preceding the war, during which she had learned to use her gifts for the benefit of her sex instead of for her own amusement and fame, played their insidious part.

When she was ordered to take

charge of a hospital in Lille in June of the second year of the war she had forced herself to accept the present state of Europe with a certain philosophy. After all, war was its normal, its historic, condition.

Following a somewhat unusual interval of peace, owing to the beneficent reign of the German emperor, the war microbes of Europe, cultured in the Balkan swamps, had, through some miscalculation, after a deplorable assassination, ravaged the entire continent instead of being localized as heretofore.

Men were men and kings were kings and war was war. Gisela sometimes wondered if the hideous upheaval were anybody's fault, if the desire to fight had not been more or less simultaneous in spite of the fact that Germany was caught napping and permitted Russia and France to sneak over her frontiers.

The sinking of the Lusitania and other passenger ships, or rather the results, had filled her with a horror that might have developed into protest had she not been assured that the U-boats had purposely waited for a calm sea, not too far from shore, that the passengers might have every opportunity for escape; and that they had been the victims of contraband cargoes of ammunition exploding, badly adjusted lifeboats, panic among themselves, and utter inefficiency and selfishness of the officers and crew.

Atrocities Appalled Her.

These excuses sounded plausible to a young woman still too occupied to ponder; but during her journey through Belgium and the invaded districts of France her mind grew more and more uneasy.

Surely an army so uniformly victorious, an army which only forebore to press forward in a battle—like that of the Marne, for instance—for sound strategic reasons, should have found it unnecessary to destroy whole towns with their priceless monuments of art, level countless insignificant villages, and reduce their inhabitants to cowering misery.

She had been a student of history and had inferred that modern warfare was as humane as war may be; witness the fine magnanimity of the Japanese, an Oriental race.

This passing country, which she had known well in its hey-day, looked extraordinarily like the historical pictures of the invasions of Goths and Vandals and Huns.

"Huns!" She had resented the constant use of the word in the English papers, dismissing it finally as childish spite. Had its usurpa-

tion of the classic and noble word "Germans" been one of those quick mercenary, simultaneous designations that fly through every army in wartime and are as apt as they are inevitable?

She felt a sudden desire to "talk it out" with Franz von Nettelbeck, whose mind, despite his prejudices, was the most stimulating she had ever known.

Saw Him Only Once.

But although she heard of him often, for he had covered himself with glory, she had seen him only once—from a window in Berlin as he promenaded Unter den Linden, a superb and haughty figure, his swelling chest covered with medals.

In Lille she met Elsa, who had been in charge of a hospital for a year, Mimi Brandt and Heloise von Erkel, with whom she had been intimately associated in Munich.

She found all three horrified and appalled at the atrocious cruelties, the persistent and needless severities, the arrogant and swaggering attitude, accompanied by countless petty tyrannies, unworthy of an army in possession; the wholly modern and dishonorable treatment of a prostrate and wretched people.

Above all, the deportations of the young girls of Lille, torn from their families, driven in herds through the streets, their faces stamped with despair or abject terror, condemned to God knew what horrible fate, had shaken these three humane and thinking women to the core.

All three, while serving far behind the lines, had thought their German army an army of demigods, and all three were bitterly ashamed of their countrymen and disposed to question a sovereign, and a military caste, that not only encouraged the saddest lust of their fighters and seemed unable to spare sufficient food for the civilians, in spite of the great leakage through neutral countries, but which persisted in calling themselves victorious when they were either perpetually on the defensive or in the act of being beaten, despite their irresistible rush.

The Somme drive had not begun, but there was not a nurse in Lille that did not know the truth about Verdun.

"And believe me, as the Americans say," remarked Mimi Brandt, "when the German people know the truth, particularly the German women, there will be some circus."

(Continued Tomorrow)

ATTORNEYS HOLD PARLEY TO PLAN GODSOL DEFENSE

Attorneys for Frank J. Godsol, held in the District Jail pending his arraignment Wednesday morning on a charge of obtaining millions in graft on automobile contracts from the French government, conferred this morning on the action to be taken when the prisoner is arraigned.

Benjamin S. Minor, attorney for the French embassy, has returned from New York city, where he conferred with District Attorney Becker, who has been conducting the Godsol case in New York State, and who made the raid recently on the Alliance Motors Corporation, in which papers are alleged to have been found which are to be used against Godsol. Mr. Minor also conferred with Mr. Couder, who represents the French government in the Godsol case.

No information regarding the con-

tents of the papers recently received from France, which comprise the formal indictment of Godsol has been given out.

The arraignment on Wednesday will be part of the proceedings to extradite Godsol to France for trial on the supposed graft charges.

MARINES WILL AID RED, WHITE, AND BLUE BALL

The Marine Corps has always boasted of its select personnel, and the men contend today that they will prove this claim beyond all dispute on Saturday night. On that evening they are to meet and mingle with Washington society.

It is to come about at the Red, White, and Blue ball at the Willard that is to be given for the benefit of the American fund for French wounded. One of the features of the ball is to be the formation of a gigantic French flag, the red stripe to be made up of fifty society girls in red costumes. Fifty marines in white and fifty in blue will complete the flag.

Mrs. James F. Mitchell, as chairman of the ball committee of the fund, is arranging the details

UNSINKABLE SHIP OF MAXIM TYPE TO BE BUILT BY U. S.

The Shipping Board will build a "non-sinkable" ship along the lines laid out by Hudson Maxim, the inventor.

According to the meager information made public, it will be a specially constructed ship in which the Maxim device may be placed. The departure from ordinary ship construction will be but in a few minor points, so officials say, and "now that an inventor of Mr. Maxim's reputation has submitted a plan, it is thought wise to build the first non-sinkable ship of the type proposed by him."

There are two types of non-sinkable ships known. One is the inner, which protects the hull after the torpedo has hit, and the other is the outer, which prevents the torpedo from hitting the vessel. The shipping board's statement says Maxim's type is the former.

Lemons Do Make The Skin White

How to make a creamy lemon beauty lotion at home for a few cents.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply you with three ounces of arched white for a few cents. Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle, then put in the arched white and shake well. This makes a quarter pint of the very best lemon skin whitener and complexion beautifier known. Massage this fragrant, creamy lotion daily into the face, neck, arms and hands and just see how freckles, tan, sallowness, redness and roughness disappear and how smooth, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless, and the beautiful results will surprise you.

FUNERAL TOMORROW FOR W. M. MITCHELL

Funeral services for Warren M. Mitchell, thirty-eight years old, of 1706 Kilbourne street northwest, a prominent shorthand reporter and a former secretary to Alexander Graham Bell, who was fatally injured in an automobile accident near Baltimore on Saturday night, will be held at his residence in this city tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mitchell died at St. Agnes' Hospital in Baltimore yesterday afternoon. Warren M. Mitchell was well known in Washington and enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of a large number of men in public life. He was a member of the National Association of Shorthand Reporters and a member of the rates and charges committee of the association. He was at one time connected with the Southern Railway and was employed by the War Department a number of years ago. He was a member of the Columbia Country Club. He was a graduate of Central High School, and had lived in Washington practically all his life.

HEARST-PATHE SHOWS TROOPS IN TRAINING

Intimate views of American soldiers in three training camps in this country and of English and French soldiers in England and France make the Hearst-Pathé News pictures this week of more than ordinary interest. Scenes are shown of the camps at Camp Logan, Tex., Camp Custer, Mich., and Camp Upton, at Vaphank, L. I. At the latter Little George Dewey, descendant of the hero of Manila bay, is shown reviewing the soldiers and exclaiming: "I wish I was as big as you."

From Chinsford, England, come pictures of British soldiers being mobilized in large numbers for the final drive.

There also are shown pictures of London honoring the regiment of Jewish volunteers, which has just started on its journey to Palestine.

The movement of an endless stream of French batteries over the snow-covered Alsatian hills gives an idea of how France is clearing the road to victory.

ARMOUR ASSAILS HENRY AS SEEKER AFTER NOTORIETY

CHICAGO, March 18.—J. Ogden Armour has issued a formal statement assailing Francis J. Henry as a "notoriety-seeker," whose "very expensive" pack investigation "has failed to find any violation of the law," but has unjustly created distrust in one of the war's most essential industries.

Declaring Armour & Co. have nothing to fear from any "fair investigation," the millionaire packer insisted that "the packing industry has measured up to the needs of the day, better, perhaps, than any other industry of consequence."

In support of this claim, Armour cited instances of rush war orders filled on short notice and "without working hardship upon civilians or cutting off the home supplies."

Sixty carloads of meat daily to the seaboard on one wired order of the Food Administration, and manufacture and shipment of eighteen miles of emery cloth in one day were among the cases Armour mentioned. "And we will continue to give service," he added, "despite the efforts of this notoriety-seeking lawyer who is after personal publicity to aid him in getting the governor's chair in California. He stops at nothing in his efforts to keep in the limelight. He even intimates that the food administration is crooked in that it called upon the packers to furnish some of the experts needed in properly administering its huge task."

LINCOLN DESCENDANT'S "BIT"

Mary Lincoln Beckwith, great-granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln, today announced she will plow the fields of the family farm at Vermont to aid in the production of more food. Miss Beckwith will attach a large tractor to an automobile.

A New Way to Shave Tender Skins With Cuticura Soap

NO RED LIGHT DISTRICTS NEAR CANTONMENTS

"There is not a single red light district existing today within an effective radius of any army cantonment or naval station where any considerable number of soldiers or sailors are in training."

Raymond B. Fossick, chairman of the commissions on training camp activities, made this statement today in summing up vice conditions around military camps.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT OPENS THIS MORNING

OTTAWA, Ont., March 18.—Parliament convened here today at the unprecedented hour of 11 a. m.

Election of speaker is the first business scheduled.

INFANT IS KILLED BY TINY PACIFIER

BALTIMORE, March 18.—A tiny pacifier, a small piece of rubber used by mothers to help keep their children quiet, ended the life of John Melvin Callien, one-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Callien, here today. The child put the pacifier in its mouth and the rubber choked the infant to death.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, head ache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears. Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relieves you instantly. It's just free. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

CHICAGO POLICE CHIEF, LONG UNDER FIRE, QUILTS

CHICAGO, March 18.—Resignation of Charles C. Healy, former general superintendent of Chicago police, and a member of the department for thirty years has brought to a close a conspiracy and graft charges pending against him. Attorneys for Healy announced the resignation in court, and State Attorney Hoyne asked that all charges against him be dropped. Healy is practically an invalid, resulting from paralysis following his recent acquittal on the first indictments.

CHESTERTOWN, MD., FIRE LOSS PUT AT \$75,000

CHESTERTOWN, Md., March 18.—Losses from yesterday's fire which swept the business section of this city will not be more than \$75,000, it was announced today. But for the prompt response of the fire department from Smyrna, which was called on for assistance, it is believed that the entire town would have been burned. Hyson's drug store and Charles M. Hurt's general store, each valued at \$20,000, were the two biggest losses. Both were insured.

Insure with SHANNON & LUCAS, Insurance Brokers, MAIN 226.

RAISE FOR HARVESTER MEN. CHICAGO, March 18.—About 25,000 employees in the various plants of the International Harvester Company received notice that on April 1 an increase in pay of approximately 10 per cent will be granted. It is the sixth wage increase during the last two and a half years.

15 lbs. white potatoes.....30c
Yellow onions, per lb.25c
Log Cabin syrup, per can20c
Large Cal. peaches, per lb.15c
Fancy Evap. peaches, per lb.15c
Large cans pineapple25c
Large cans Cal. peaches25c
Macaroni or spaghetti, per lb.12c

J. T. D. PYLES STORES

Your Liberty Bonds
Held for Safe-Keeping Free of Charge
4% on Deposits
INCOME TAX
Returns must be in before APRIL 15TH—Make yours TODAY
Society for Savings and Loans Bank
Under U. S. Govt. Supervision.
522 13th St. N. W.

REMOVAL NOTICE
Pennsylvania Railroad
CITY TICKET OFFICE
Will Be Moved From
Corner 15th and G Streets N. W.
At Close of Business, March 16,
to
1419 NEW YORK AVENUE N. W.
Ticket office at new location will be open for business Monday, March 18th, 1918, until further notice.

Unusual Phonograph

Value \$10

Double-face Records, 35c each, 3 for \$1.00

(Indiana (Fox Trot)
(Some Jazz Blues (Fox Trot)

When Yankee Doodle
Marched Through the
Berlin, There'll Be a Hot Time
In the U. S. A. (Eddie Nelson)
When the Boys from Dixie Eat
the Melon On the Rhine (George L. Thompson)
Wild, Wild Women Are Making A Wild Man of Me
(Helen Lewis)
(Tickle Toe (Fox Trot)

T. P. CULLEY & SON
1200 G St. N. W. Phone Main 3665